

Macon Beacon.

"In essentials let there be unity, in non-essentials liberty, but in all things charity."

HENRY C. FERRIS.

MACON, NOXUBEE COUNTY MI., JANUARY 2, 1861.

VOL. 11--NO. 21



Should be Without One.
BRAMING'S CO'S
SEWING MACHINES.
E. BUCK, Agent,
Macon, Miss.

These machines taken by our Machines
are superior, either in strength
or in the quality of the work they
do. They are of various sizes and
prices, and are adapted to all
kinds of sewing. They are of
various sizes and prices, and are
adapted to all kinds of sewing.

LAND FOR SALE.

50 ACRES of land 5 1/2 miles
west of Shoups Creek, about 250
acres in an excellent state of
cultivation—the most of it black
loam, and well adapted to the growth
of corn or cotton. The greater
portion yet to be cleared is under a
new substantial fence, and is well
timbered with some fine rail and board
timber. It is an excellent grade of cotton land.
The improvements consist of a very
substantial dwelling with four rooms,
and is situated on a high sandy ridge,
commanding a view of the river and the
country. It is under good repair; a new
fence and running gear just com-
pleted. The above land can be pur-
chased on very reasonable terms, and
payments in accordance; also two thou-
sand bushels of corn, together with
other farming utensils if desired.
D. MCINTOSH.
Jan. 5th, '60—11

Cotton

Bale

J. HOLBERG, (Successors
W. N. Haynes & Co.) would

call the attention of the pub-
lic to their large and well selected stock
of Groceries, Hardware, Woodware,
and other articles. They will
be pleased to have a full supply
of all the Groceries.

are invited to call and ex-
amine their stock—consisting in part of

Crushed, Refined and choice

Sugar, Rio and Java Coffee,

all kinds of

in Bbls and 1/2 bbls, and

quinty Syrup.

Brands of Extra and Super-

ior Pork, Mackerel and Bacon,

Minantia, and Star Can

of

Almonds, Pecans

Pie Fruits, and

Soda and Saleratus.

Rice, Cayenne, do. Race and

all kinds of

all kinds of

all kinds of

all kinds of

all kinds of

all kinds of

all kinds of

all kinds of

all kinds of

all kinds of

all kinds of

all kinds of

all kinds of

all kinds of

The Mother's Prayer.

BY ANNIE CHAMBERS BRADFORD.

They sleep. Athwart my white
Moon-marbled casement, with her solemn
mien
Silently watching o'er their rest serene,
Gazeth the star-eyed night.

My girl sedate or wild
By turns—as playful as a summer breeze,
Or grave as Night, fitly, South-
west, the star-eyed night.

My boy, trembling star,
The whitest lamb in April's tenderest fold,
The bluest flower-bell in the shadiest
world,
Is fitting emblems are.

They are but two, and all
My lonely heart's arithmetic is done
When these are counted. High and
Holy One
O! hear my trembling call.

I ask not wealth nor fame.
For these my jewels. Diadem and wreath
Soothie not the aching brow that throbs
beneath.
I ask not length of life,
Nor earthly honors; weary are the ways
The gifted tread, unsafe the world's best
prize.

I ask not that to me
Thou spare them, though they dearer be
Than rain to deserts, spring-flowers to
the sea,
Or sunshine to the sea.

But kneeling at their feet,
While smiles on summer life on shaded
streams,
Are gleaming from their bright and
happy dreams,
I would my prayer repeat.

Lord! in this midnight hour
I bring my lambs to Thee. O! by Thy
truth,
Thy mercy save them from the even-
omed tooth
And tempting poison flower.

O! Crucified and Crowned!
Keep us. We have no shield no guide
but Thee.
Let sorrow come—let hope's last blossom
be
By grief's dark tempest drowned.

But lead us by Thy hand,
O, gentle Shepherd, till we rest beside
The still, clear waters, in the pastures
wide,
Of Thine own sinless land.

THE HANDSOME MAN.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was one of
those models of perfection of which a
human father and mother can produce
but a single example. Mr. Ferdinand
Fitzroy was therefore an only son. He
was such an amazing favorite with both
his parents that they resolved to ruin
him; accordingly he was exceedingly
spoiled, never annoyed by the sight of a
book, and had as much plum cake as he
could eat. Happy would it have been
for Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy could he al-
ways have eaten plum cake, and remain-
ed a child.

A most beautiful creature was Mr.
Ferdinand Fitzroy! Such eyes—such
hair—such teeth—such a figure—such
manners, too—and such an irresistible
way of tying his neckcloth! When he
was about sixteen, a crabbed old uncle
represented to his parents the propriety
of teaching Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy to
read and write. Though not without
some difficulty, he convinced them—for
he was exceedingly rich, and riches in
an uncle are wonderful arguments respec-
ting the nature of a nephew whose
parents have nothing to leave him. So
our hero was sent to school. He was
naturally a very sharp clever boy, and
he came on surprisingly in his learning.
The schoolmaster's wife liked handsome
children. "What a genius will Master
Ferdinand Fitzroy be if you take pains
with him!" said she to her husband.

"Pooh, my dear, it is no use to take
pains with him."
"And why, love?"
"Because he is a great deal too hand-
some ever to be a scholar."

"And that's true enough my dear!"
said the schoolmaster's wife.
So, because he was too handsome to
be a scholar, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy re-
mained the lag of the fourth form. They
took our hero from school.

"What profession shall he follow?"
said his mother.
"My first cousin is the Lord Chan-
cellor," said his father. "let him go to
the bar." The Lord Chancellor dined
there that day. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy
was introduced to him. His Lordship
was a little, round-faced, beetle-browed
hard-featured man, who thought that
beauty and idleness was the same thing
—and a parchment skin the legitimate

complexion for a lawyer.
"Send him to the bar," said he; "no,
no, that will never do—send him into
the army, he is much too handsome to
become a lawyer."

"And that's true enough, my Lord,"
said the mother. So they bought Mr.
Ferdinand Fitzroy a cornetcy in the
regiment of dragoons. Things are not
learned by inspiration. Mr. Ferdinand
Fitzroy had never ridden at school, ex-
cept when he was teased; he was, there-
fore a very indifferent horseman; they
sent him to the riding school.

"He is an ass!" said Cornet Horae-
phiz, who was very ugly. "A horrid
puppy," said Lieutenant St. Squintem,
who was still uglier. "If he does not
ride better he will disgrace the regi-
ment," said Captain Rivalhate, who was
very good looking. "If he does not ride
better we will cut him," said Captain
Everdrill, who was a wonderful marnet.

"I say, Mr. Bumpenwell, (to the riding
master,) make that youngster ride less
like a miller's sack."
"Pooh, sir, he will never ride better."
"And why will he not?"

"Bless you, Colonel, he is a great
deal too handsome for a cavalry officer!"
"True," said Cornet Horae-phiz.
"Very true," said Lt. Squintem.
"We must cut him," said the Colonel;
and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accord-
ingly cut.

Our hero was a youth of susceptibility—
he quitted the regiment, and
challenged the Colonel. The Colonel
was killed.

"What a terrible blackguard is Mr.
Ferdinand Fitzroy," said the Colonel's
relations.
"Very true," said the world. The
parents were in a rage. They were
not rich, but our hero was an only son,
and they sponged hard upon the embezzled
old uncle. "He is very clever," said
they both, "and may do yet." So they
borrowed some thousands from the uncle
and bought his beautiful nephew a seat
in Parliament.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was ambitious,
and desirous of retrieving his character.
He fagged like a dragon, combed pamph-
lets and reviews, and made notes on the
English constitution. He rose up to
speak.

"What a handsome fellow," whis-
pered a member.
"Ah, a coxcomb," said another.
"Never do for a speaker," said a third,
very audibly. And the gentleman on
the opposite benches sneered and heard.

Discouraged by his reception, Mr.
Ferdinand Fitzroy grew a little embar-
rassed. "Told you so," said one of his
neighbors.
"Fairly broke down," said another.
"Too fond of his hair to have any-
thing in his head," said a third, who was
considered a wit.

"Hear! hear!" cried gentlemen on
the opposite benches.
Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy sat down—
he had not shone; but, in justice, he
had not failed. Many a first-rate speak-
er had begun worse, and many a coun-
try member had been declared a phoenix
of promise upon half his merit. "Your
Adonises never make orators," said a
cock speaker with a wiry nose.

"Nor a man of business either," ad-
ded the chairman of a committee, with a
face like a kangaroo's.
"Poor devil," said the civilist of the
set, he's a deuced deal too handsome for
a speaker. By Jove he's going to speak
again! this will never do; we must
cough him down." And Mr. Ferdinand
Fitzroy was accordingly coughed down.

Our hero was now seven or eight and
twenty, handsome than ever, and the
adoration of all the young ladies at Al-
mack's. "We have nothing to leave
you," said the parents, who had long
spent their fortune, and now lived on
the credit of having once enjoyed it. —
"You are the handsomest man in Lon-
don; you must marry an heiress."

"I will," said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.
Miss Helen Convolvulus was a charm-
ing young lady, with a bare lip and six
thousand a year. To Miss Helen Con-
volvulus then our hero paid his address-
es. Heaven! what an uproar her rela-
tions made about the matter. "Easy to
see his intentions," said one; "a hand-
some fortune hunter, who wants to make
the best of his person."

"Handsome is that handsome does,"
said another.
"He was turned out of the army, and
murdered his colonel!"
"He can admire none but himself,"
said a fourth.

"Make you perpetually jealous," said
a fifth.
"Spend your fortune," said a sixth.
"And break your heart," said a sev-
enth.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was prudent
and wary. She saw a great deal of
justice in what they said; and was suf-
ficiently contented with liberty and six
thousand a year not to be highly im-
patient for a husband; but our heroine
had no aversion to a lover, especially so
handsome a lover as Mr. Ferdinand
Fitzroy. Accordingly, she neither so-

lited nor discarded him, but kept him
as a hope, and suffered him to get into
debt with his tailor and his coachmaker,
on the strength of becoming Mr. Fitz-
roy Convolvulus. Time went on and
excuses and delays were easily found,
however, our hero was sanguine, and so
were his parents. A breakfast at Chis-
wick and a dinner at the latter, within
one week of each other, but not till then
did Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy get into
debt.

Now, then, our
hero depended solely upon the credit of
old uncle and Miss Helen Convolvulus;
the former though a baronet and a satir-
ist, was a banker and a man of busi-
ness, he looked very respectably upon
the Hyperian curls and white teeth of
Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. "If I make
you my heir," said he, "I expect you will
continue the bank."

"Certainly, sir," replied the nephew.
"Humph!" grunted the uncle, "a
pretty fellow for a banker."
Debtors grew pressing to Mr. Ferdi-
nand Fitzroy, and Mr. Ferdinand Fitz-
roy grew pressing to Miss Helen Con-
volvulus.

"It is a dangerous thing," said she,
timidly, "to marry a man so admired—
will you always be faithful?"
"By Heaven!" cried her lover.

"Heigho!" sighed Miss Helen Con-
volvulus, and Lord Rufus Pamilion en-
tering, the conversation was changed.
But the day for the marriage was fixed;
and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy bought a
new curio. By Apollo! how hand-
some he looked in it! A month before
the wedding day the uncle died. Miss
Helen Convolvulus was quite tender in
her condolence.

"Cheer up, my Ferdinand," said she.
"The more you are, the more I am."
"A terrible consolation!" cried
our hero; "but Lord Rufus Pamilion is
only four feet two, and has hair like a
pony."

"All men are not so handsome as Mr.
Ferdinand Fitzroy," was the reply.
Away goes our hero to be present at
the opening of his uncle's will. "I
leave," said the testator, (who we have
before said was a bit of a satirist,) "my
share of the bank and the whole of my
fortune, legacies excepted, to (here Mr.
Ferdinand Fitzroy wiped his beautiful
eyes with a cambric handkerchief, ex-
quisitely brode) my natural son John
Spriggs, an industrious, pains-taking
youth, who will do credit to the bank.
I did once intend to have made my ne-
phew, Ferdinand, my heir; but so curl-
ing a head can have no talent for ac-
counts. I want my successor to be a
man of business, not of beauty; and
Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy is a great deal
too handsome for a banker; his good
looks will no doubt win him any business
in town. Meanwhile, I leave him, to
buy a dressing-case, a thousand pounds!"

"A thousand devils!" said Mr. Fer-
dinand Fitzroy, banging out of the room.
He flew to his mistress. She was not at
home. "Lies," says the Italian pro-
verb, "have short legs;" but truths, if
they are at all unpleasant, have terrible
long ones! The next day Mr. Ferdi-
nand Fitzroy received a most obliging
note of dismissal.

"I wish you every happiness," said
Miss Helen Convolvulus in conclusion;
"but my friends are right; you are
much too handsome for a husband."
And the week after, Miss Helen Con-
volvulus became lady Rufus Pamilion.

"Alas, sir," said the bailiff, as a day
or two after the dissolution of Parlia-
ment he was jogging along with Mr.
Ferdinand Fitzroy, in a hackney-coach,
bound for the Bench—"Alas, sir, what
a pity it is to take so handsome a gen-
tleman to prison!"

Artemus Ward Sets Forth.

During a recent visit to New York the
undersigned went to see Edwin Forrest.
As I'm into the moral show business my-
self, I generally go to Barnum's moral
Museum, where only moral people are
admitted, partly on Wednesday after-
noon. But this time I thought I'd go and
see Ed. Ed has bin actin out on the
stage for many years. There is vari-
pinous about his actin. Englishmen
generally believe that he is far superior to
Mister Macready; but on one pint all
agree, and that is, that Ed draws like a
six ox team. Ed was actin at Niblo's
Gardening, which looks considerable more
like a parlor than a garden—but let
that pass. I sat down in the pit, took
out my spectacles and commenced
perusing the evening's bill. The awjince
was affixed large, and the boxes were
full of the elite of New York. Several
opera glasses was levelled at me by
Gotham's fairest darters, but I didn't
let on as I noticed it, the ma be I
did take out my new sixteen dollar sil-
ver watch and brandish it round more
than was necessary. But the best of us
has our weaknesses, and if a man has
jewelry let him show it. As I was per-
rusing the bill a grave young man who
sat near me, axed me if I'd ever seen
Forrest dance the Essence of Old Vir-

genny? 'He's immense in that,' said
the young man. 'He also does a Jed,
champion jig,' the young man con-
fessed, but his 'Big Thing' is the youth, do
Old Yiginy.' Sez I, 'you was my
you know what I'd do
sun?'

'No,' sez he, 'I'd appint your funeral
wall, sez arnoon & the korp should
to-morrow.' You're too smart to live on
of his capers on me. But another pas-
syaneremus individual, in a red vest &
patent leather boots, told me his name
was Bill Astor & axed me to lend him
50 cents till early in the mornin. I told
him I'd probly send it round to him be-
fore he retired to his virtuous couch, but
if I didn't he might look for next fall,
as soon as I cut my earn. The orches-
try was now fiddlin with all their might,
and as the people didn't understand any-
thing about it they applauded vestrifru-
ly. Presently Old Ed cum out. The
play was Otheller or More of Venis.—
Otheller was writ by Wm Shispeer.

The scene is laid in Venis. Otheller
was a likely man & a ginal in the Venis
army. He eloped with Desdemony,
a darter of the Hon. Mr. Brobatio, who
represented one of the back disicks in
the veneshun legislatur. Old Ibbantio
was as mad as thunder at this tore
round considerable, but finally cooled
down, tellin Otheller, howsover, that
Desdemony had cum it over her par, &
that he'd better look out or she'd cum it
over him likewise. Mr. & Mrs. Othel-
ler got along very comfortable for spell.

She is sweet-tempered and kin—a
nice, sensible female, never goin for
he-female conventions, green cloth um-
brellers and picketed beats. Otheller is
a good provider, and thinks all t world
of his wife. She has a lazy tin of it,
the hired girl doin all the oom and
washin. Desdemony, in fact, dy have
to git the water to wash her owhands
with. But a low case named Is, who
I believe wants to git Otheller out of
his snug government birth, now goes to
work and upsets the Otheller family in
the most outtrajus stile. Iago falls in
with a brainless youth named Rodrigo,
and wins all his money at poker.—
(Iago allers played foul.) He thus got
money enuff to carry out his on-prin-
ciple skeem. Mike Cassio, a Irishman,
is selected as a tool by Iago. Mike was
a clever feller & officer in Otheller's
army. He liked his tod's too well, how-
ever, & they floored him as they have
many other promisin young men. Iago
injunes Mike to drink with him, Iago
throwin his own whisky over his shoul-
der. Mike gits as drunk as a bilid owl
and allows that he can lick a yard full
of the Veneshun fancy before breakfast,
without sweatin a hair. He meets Rod-
erigo & proceeds for to smash him.—
A feller named Montano undertakes to
slap Cassio, when that infatooted per-
son runs his sword into him. That mi-
serable man, Iago, pertends to be very
sorry to see Mike conduct hisself in this
way, & undertakes to smooth the thing
over to Otheller, who rushes in with a
drawn sword & wants to know what's
up. Iago cunningly tells his story, &
Otheller tells Mike that he thinks a good
deal of him but he can't train no more
in his regiment. Desdemony sym-
pathizes with poor Mike & intercedes for
him with Otheller. Iago makes him
bleeve she does this because she thinks
more of Mike than she does of hisself.
Otheller swallows Iago's lyn tail & goes
to make a noose of hisself ginally.

He worries poor Desdemony terrible by
his vile insinuations & finally smother
her to deth with a piller. Mrs. Iago
came in just as Otheller has finished the
fowl deed & gives him fits right & left,
showin him that he has bin orfally gully
by her miserable cuss of a husband.
Iago comes in, & his wife commences
rakin him down also, when he stabs her.
Otheller jaws him a spell & then cuts a
small hole in his stummick with his
sword, Iago pints to Desdemony's deli-
bed & goes off with a sardonic smile
onto his countenance. Otheller tells the
pepio that he has dun the state sum ser-
vice & they know it; axes them to do as
fair a thing as they can for him under
the circumstances & kills hisself with a
fish knife, which is the most sensible
thing he can do. This is a brief ske-
ule of the synopsis of the play.

Edwin Forrest is a grato actor. I
thot I saw Otheller before me all the
time he was actin, & when the curtain
fell, I found my spectacles was still
fastened with salt water, which had run
from my eyes while poor Desdemony
was dyin. Betsy Jane—Betsy Jane!
let us pray that our domestic bliss may
never be busted up by a Iago!

Edwin Forrest makes money actin out
on the stage. He gits five hundred dol-
lars a nite & his board and washin. I
wish I had such a Forrest in my Gard-
ing!

ARTHEMUS WARD.

It is a bad sign to see a man with his
hat off at midnight explaining the theo-
ries and principles of true democracy to
a lamp post.

Sleeping in Church.

Somebody tells an anecdote of a cler-
gyman who was complimenting a hard-
working parishioner on his punctuality
in attending public worship "Oh, yes,"
said the recipient of the compliment, "I
am always glad when the day comes."
"Tell me, my brother," asked the cler-
gyman, "how you feel when the blessed
day of rest arrives?" "Ah!" said the
man) it is a blessed day of rest indeed.
When it comes, you see, I fixes myself
up a bit, goes to church, leans back in
my pew, sticks my knees up abuts my
eyes, and thinks of nothing at all."

Although the clergyman was not
highly flattered by this remark of his
simple-minded parishioner, it expressed
the full sense of rest after the labor and
should have been an indication to the
preacher, as it is to the whole body of
the ministry, not to bore their brethren
with dull, dry, polemics, or with intri-
cate doctrinal subjects, dividing the ser-
mon formally into firstly, secondly, &c.,
and then subdividing it again, ending with
a string of reflections which are divided
and subdivided, until the whole thing
becomes as monotonous as a dreamy re-
citative on a minor key, or as vexatious
as the hum of musquitos on a drowsy
ear.

The styles of sermonizing adopted by
the great body of the ministry predis-
poses to somnolency, and that not to the
hard-worked merely, but to others. We
all know how general the complaint is
of sleeping in church. And yet the
same congregation that annoys its pre-
acher in this way, can keep awake fast
enough at a lively lecture, at a theatre,
at a well-conducted discussion, at a
dance at the small hours. The fact
that it is not disinterested audi-
ences by the hour together, &c., &c., to us
heeded by the pulpit, and lead them to
reconsider the question whether the mo-
notony of public worship may not be
ameliorated; and, most important of all,
whether the monotony of sermons may
not be relieved. How can men, who say
they have a message from on high, who
say they stand as ambassadors of God,
who say that the word with which they
are charged affects the eternal interests
of the world, expect to be believed when
they speak it as tamely and as uncon-
cernedly as if they were talking of the
most common-place things; when their
words come as unimpressively as the
oozing of water from a soggy log upon a
dull fire?

The Master, whose servants they claim
to be, with a divine knowledge of human
nature, did not engage in polemics, nor
mar his preaching by theological abstrac-
tions, but he spoke in parables in which
were concentrated the simplicity and
majesty of truth—majesty enough to oc-
cupy the minds of the proudest intel-
lects, simple enough to reach the under-
standing of the weakest.

What does the humble inquirer after
truth know or care about the disputed
meanings of disputed texts? How is he
interested in the distinctions set up by
infalapararians and supralapararians?—
What needs he of the questions that
divide sects, and makes a babel of the
Christian church? He feels a want of
the soul, and he looks to the minister of
religion for food to fill that want. And
when he has found the comfort and peace
which he sought, you may ask him what
assurance he has that he is in the right
way, and you will have his answer, as
plain and simple as was the answer which
whispered peace to him,—

"I found it." "I found it." "I found it."
He placed his hand upon his heart and simply answered,
"I found it."

It is the dullness of the pulpit which
causes the churches to cry out, "My
leanness! my leanness!" and it is when
some preacher comes along who dres to
step out of the beaten path and wake up
congregations to an interest in the pub-
lic services, unknown in the ordinary
run of events, that makes the same
churches cry out, "A revival!" Why,
there would always be revivals of the
right and favorable kind; if the pulpit
would but keep itself revived; and there
would be no need of star preachers to
stir up dull preachers, and set on fire
wooden preachers to their duty. Spas-
modic awakenings, caused by meteoric
preaching, leave no permanent good un-
der the pulpit is awakened; for, when
they have passed away, a reaction takes
place.